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THE MATE OF THE HINDU.

A STORY OF ADVENTURE ON LAND AND SEA.

BY CAPTAIN RALPH DAVIS.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

In order that new readers of THE ENQUIRER may begin with the following installment of this story, and understand it just the same as though they had read it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of it which has already been published:

CHAPTER I.—Ben Johnson robs Lady Dudley and is discovered in the act by her maid, Mary Williams, his sweetheart. Lady Dudley dies of fright. Johnson escapes first having accused Mary of being his accomplice.

CHAPTER II.—Ralph Tomkins, mate of the Hindu, having come from a cruise, goes, to Dudley to visit his mother. On the way he meets Johnson in a boat, and in an altercation Tomkins stuns Johnson with an oar. Johnson is arrested for the murder of Lady Dudley and accuses Tomkins of being accessory.

CHAPTER III.—Johnson is held for the murder. Tomkins and Mary Williams are released. Tomkins falls in love with Mary, who goes to Australia with her parents.

CHAPTER IV.—The Hindu takes convicts to Botany Bay. Tomkins. the Williams family and Johnson, as a convict, are aboard.

CHAPTER V.—Doctor Haxton, in charge of the convicts, is incompetent.

CHAPTER VI.—Johnson refuses to work and the officers suspect a mutiny is breeding.

CHAPTER VII.—The Hindu meets an Indiaman, who asks passage to the cape of Good Hope for a man named Thomas, who is received and says that he was put aboard by mutineers on a convict ship, the Albatross. There is evidence of mutiny on the Hindu, and mutineers, including Johnson, are flogged.

CHAPTERS VIII and IX.—Matters seem to improve. The Hindu reaches the Cape and puts Thomas ashore, and a man of the name of York is shipped. It is soon discovered that under York's leadership the convicts will mutiny and take the ship.

CHAPTER X.—A supposed pestilence breaks out.

CHAPTER XI.—The crew mutiny and seize the ship, then get drunk. The officers stand together in the cabin.

CHAPTER XII.—Mary Williams carries arms to the officers.

CHAPTERS XIII and XIV.—The mutineers hold the vessel for three days and nights. They ask for the boats, which are in possesion of the officers, but are refused.

CHAPTER XV.—The vessel nearing an island, the mutineers go ashore.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CHAPTER OF ADVENTURES.

It was the winter season in those latitudes, you will understand, and before we had been in the bay a week we were sawing up some of the planks from between decks to keep our fires going. The day we buried poor Mrs. Saunders we procured a small supply of fuel from the shore, but there was little to be had without going into the brush farther than we cared to venture.

On the sixteenth day of our stay, as near as I can come at it, and while it was my watch aloft, Captain Clark called out to know if any of the mutineers were in sight. I could make out three or four of them on a bare hill a mile or so away, but none nearer, and I so reported. The captain then ordered a quarter boat down, and he and Haskell and Roberts went ashore after a supply of fuel. We were that pinched on board that we had already resorted to barrels and boxes which properly belonged to the cargo. The plan was for the captain to stand guard while the other two used the axes and carried the fuel to the boat, and those of us left aboard were armed and vigilant.

The two men had worked for an hour, when Captain Clark changed off with Roberts. I kept my glass on the woods around them, but I did not once get sight of a mutineer. Winter though it was, the dead leaves and branches and vines were so thick that I only caught occasional glimpses of our own men. By and by the boat was well loaded, and Haskell and Roberts came down to her and stood waiting for the captain. The sounds of his ax could be heard at that moment, and when they ceased we expected to see him appear in sight within half a minute. About five minutes slipped by, and then I called down to the two men to go back into the bush and see what had happened. They advanced and were out of sight when I got a fleeting glimpse of Ben Johnson and another convict hurrying the captain across an open space. The pair had crept up through the bushes and surprised and overpowered him.

I called to the men and ordered them aboard at once, and when it had become known that the men all were depending on so much was a prisoner to our desperate enemies I had all I could do to prevent the people from taking to the boats and pulling away out to sea. It was a regular panic for a time, and I had hard work to make them understand that the bark had not yet gone out of our possession. The capture occurred at about 10 o'clock in the morning, and from that hour on to 4 in the afternoon the weather was pretty fair. I spent most of the time aloft with the glass. At 2 o'clock the entire gang of mutineers assembled for a council. The meeting was in front of their tents, and, though I could not see the captain, I had no doubt that he was a prisoner in one of the tents or huts. The council lasted for two hours, and, judging from the gestures of the men, there was much excitement.

Most of our people believed that Captain Clark would be put to death that day, but I flattered myself I understood the plans of the convicts better than that. He would be a powerful weapon in their hands, and they would use him for all he was worth before taking his life. I predicted that we would hear from them before night and was not at all surprised when Ben Johnson appeared just at dusk and hailed the ship. I knew what he was after and had also made up my mind as to the course to be pursued.

"Ahoy, there!" called Johnson as he stepped clear of the trees and stood in an attitude expressive of defiance.

"Well, what is it?" I asked.

"You know, of course, we've got the captain."

"Yes."

"Well, what do you propose to do about it?"

"What can we do?"

"You can save his life and all others if you have got proper sense. Come ashore, bring whatever you want, and we'll give you up the captain and go away in the bark. We've talked it over with the captain, and the word he sends by me is for you to do it."

"And if we refuse?" I asked.

"Then you'll find his head lying right where my feet stand when daylight comes tomorrow."

I told him that the proposition had come so suddenly that we were not prepared to give an offhand answer; that, while we were willing to make a great sacrifice to save the captain's life, I could not speak for the passengers. I talked very civilly, as you may guess, and the point I gained was the one I had in sight from the first. Johnson agreed to wait until the next morning for our decision and gave me his word of "honor" that the captain should be well treated in the meantime. As to our giving up the bark and going ashore, the matter could not be considered for a moment. Had a knife been held at Captain Clark's throat he would have advised against it. Not one of us would have been permitted to live to tell the story. Once we were out of the way the fellows would have had little to fear from pursuit.

I had a plan, to work under cover of darkness, which I hoped might turn out successfully, but for obvious reasons I kept it secret as long as possible. I had been aloft so often that I believed I could find my way to the mutineers' camp on the darkest night, and I proposed going there alone and making an attempt to free the captain and bring him back with me. I had as yet told no one, when Mary Williams came to me and said:

"Ralph, I know what you have planned to do, but you must not go alone. You believe you can find your way through the forest without help, but you cannot. You must get the bearings by compass, and tonight you must have a compass with you. The captain is likely to have been hurt and may need help to get along if rescued. I shall go with you!"

When I heard the good girl speaking after that fashion, I was speechless with surprise, but after a bit I pulled myself together and answered her that we could spare no men, and, as for taking a woman on such a perilous jaunt, it was not to be thought of.

"But I shall go with you!" she stoutly persisted. "I will take one of the revolvers and a small compass, and you can arm yourself with the fowling piece and another revolver. If worst comes to worst, I believe the two of us will be a match for the whole gang, as they have no firearms. It is needless for you to raise objections, for if you go I go!"

"But your clothes?" I persisted. "Why, Mary, the dress would be torn off your back before we had crept half a cable's length."

"I shall arrange about that, sir; so go ahead and make your plans!"

There was a girl of sense and courage for you—a real English girl—who might cry out at the sight of a mouse in her own chamber, but who could be a real heroine when the occasion demanded. I pretended to yield, but at 9 o'clock that night, when I had one of the boats softly dropped into the water and Haskell was ready to pull me ashore, Mary came aft and whispered to me:

"Don't forget the compasses and some matches, Ralph, and have a last look at the firearms. You see, I am all ready to go with you?"

I looked at her in amazement. I don't say that she had on a full suit of her father's clothes, but it was pretty near it. I realized that she must feel embarrassed, and that only her love for me had brought it about, and so I looked in any other direction as I replied:

"See here, girl, but do you realize the peril of this expedition? Ben Johnson would like nothing better than to capture us both at once. I think he'd almost give up all ideas of possessing the Hindu if he had us in his hands!"

"Yes, Ralph, I know the danger," she quietly replied. "It will be greater to you alone than with me, and so I shall go. Take along a revolver for the captain, and it would be well if Haskell remained in the boat after we have landed, as we may come back in great haste."

To tell you the truth, I was glad to have company. I should rather have had one of the men, of course, could one have been spared, and it made me tremble to think we might be playing into Johnson's hands. With the three of us prisoners the people left aboard the bark could not hold out against him a day. Wasn't it brave of my sweetheart to volunteer to accompany me—aye, to insist on it in spite of my objections? I want you to praise her a bit for that. If you had stood on that lonely beach with us and looked into the dark forest and realized the peril as we did, I know you would call her a heroine. For all we knew, a dozen of the mutineers might be lying concealed in the bushes not 30 feet away. I was not nearly so confident of success after landing and standing face to face with the difficulties. Sailor though I was, and ever using the compass for my guiding star, I should have overlooked it on this occasion and been lost in the bush before we had gone 200 feet but for Mary.

After a few whispered words to Haskell, who was to remain in the boat until we returned or daylight came, I took the lead, and we pushed into the woods. It rained a little, and the wind was gusty, and once under the trees it was so dark that we had to feel our way. I flattered myself that we were keeping a true course, but at the end of a quarter of an hour Mary suggested that we take a look at the compass. We got down close to the ground and struck a match, and, to my surprise, we were bearing northwest instead of due north. After that we consulted the compass every few minutes, but were a good hour and a half making our way to the clearing. We were within 50 feet of the tents before we got sight of the fires, which the rain had almost extinguished. We crept closer and listened, but not a sound came from the mutineers. Putting her mouth close to my ear, Mary whispered:

"Now, Ralph, you made out four tents or shelters here. The captain is certainly in one of them. If any one was on guard over him, there would be a better fire. We shall find him fast bound in one of the rear shelters. Let me take the lead from this out, and remember, if we are surprised, we must open fire on them and try and cut the captain's bonds and put a pistol in his hands."

Would you believe that I, who had planned the expedition and intended to go alone and had taken the lead thus far, should give way to a girl at the most critical point and take second place? And yet that is the very thing I did. It seemed to be a matter of course. I won't admit that I was frightened, but my nerves were strung up and my heart thumping away like a trip hammer, and I'm sure I was the more flustrated of the two. Mary moved to the right, passed within ten feet of the large tent, in which we heard the sleepers snoring and sighing, and presently stopped before a smaller one. The sides were made of brush, and the roof was a tarpaulin. Certain smells indicated that it was the cookhouse. When satisfied on this point, we passed along to the third structure. This was also a rude affair, but there were men asleep inside.

It was so dark that when we stood in the door and peered around we could not make out a thing. There might be half a dozen men in there, and Captain Clark might be one of them, but how were we to ascertain? My heart went down like a lump of lead as I realized the difficulties, and I whispered to Mary:

"We have made the trip for nothing. How are we to find the captain in the darkness?"

"We must take some risks," she whispered in reply. "I am going to strike a match and have a look. If we raise an alarm, the first idea of the men

He was wide awake and raised his head to look at us.

will be to rush out. We must fire on them and drive them into the woods, trusting they will leave the captain behind."

That was the proper way to do it, but I should never have thought of it. No! Had I been alone I should have turned back at this point, feeling that the difficulties were too great for me to surmount. I handed Mary a couple of matches, made ready to open fire, and she moved inside and struck a light. As she held the blazing match up I counted eight men lying on heaps of brush and leaves they had gathered for beds, and right in the center of them, bound hand and foot, was Captain Clark. He was wide awake and raised his head to look at us.

I tell you, and I felt it to my shame, though I stood guard and had the guns to carry, Mary stepped right over those sleeping men, cut the prisoner's bonds with a knife I gave her, and then helped him up and held him on his feet until the blood circulated and he could use his limbs. They came out hand in hand, the captain took the rifle I handed him, and we made our way back to the beach without a word having been spoken on the way. The captain did not even know who we were. It was not until we were safely aboard that he knew, and not until we were back that it was generally known Mary and I had been absent. It was a joyful reunion, you may be sure. Captain Clark had suffered no injury or privation, but he had been made to realize the desperate mood the men were in, and that many of them were for killing him offhand, no matter about the ship. Only half an hour before our arrival one of the men was awake and cursing him. Truly, but luck was on our side in that expedition!

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

It was broad daylight before we heard from the mutineers. Then the whole crowd of them swarmed out of the forest and down on the beach, and in their madness and desperation they were no longer men. Their cursing was something awful to hear, and but for the six or eight great sharks cruising around in the bay they would certainly have tried to board the bark in the face of our firearms. They showered us with pebbles, and some of them even picked up handfuls of sand and flung them in our direction. It was a long quarter of an hour before they cooled down, and then Ben Johnson stepped to the front and said:

"Aye, Captain Clark, you gave us the slip last night, but we count ourselves no worse off. Within a week we'll have the Hindu and the life of every man, woman and child aboard!"

Having exhausted their rage, they retired to the shelter of the forest and their camp. It was raining that morning, and I cannot tell you how thankful I was. Those men had been worked up to that pitch that they would have fired the bushes without an hour's delay in hopes to encompass the death of all aboard the bark. They would ten times rather have destroyed her than to see us sail away. The last threat of Johnson's could not make us any more vigilant, for there was never a minute we were off our guard. Even the children were put on watch during the day.

So far as I could observe from aloft, the mutineers stuck pretty closely to their camp, while the quarrels among them were frequent and violent. In one of the altercations one of the sailors was killed, and through the glass I could plainly see them dig a shallow grave and roll him into it as if his body had been the carcass of a dog.

On the morning of the twenty-second day of our anchorage in the bay the sun came up in a cloudless sky. The bad weather was not yet over, but this was a lull or break in it. I came on duty at 7 o'clock that morning, and as soon as reaching my accustomed perch aloft I made out a brig, with her sails aback and only about a mile away to the west. The signal flag which the mutineers had kept flying had evidently attracted attention. From the number of boats on the davits I believed the brig to be a whaler; but, if so, she must have blown inshore or had some business I could not well reason out. She showed no colors, but I took her to be a German or Dane.

I turned my glass on the camp of the mutineers and saw them all running down to the west shore in great haste. I hailed the deck and told Captain Clark what was going on, and he at once came up to me, bringing the British ensign and a rifle. Just as he got up a small boat with four men in her pulled away from the brig toward the shore. At the same moment we saw such of the mutineers as wore the uniforms of convicts secrete themselves in the thicket, while the sailors were pushed to the front.

"Ralph, we must block that game," said the captain after a look through the glass. "If they take off those men, the brig will be seized, her crew murdered, and the mutineers will make off. I'll set the ensign flying, and do you load and fire the rifle as fast as you can."

The boat's crew had got within half a cable's length of the beach before our signals were seen and heard. They could see our flag over the tree tops, and the reports of the rifle must have been very distinct. The boat was held steady for three or four minutes, and then the brig signaled for her return. I saw a man going aloft with a glass and was satisfied that he could see me and would make such a report as would stop the boat. She pulled back to the brig, and then came pulling along the west shore until she opened the bay and got sight of us. We signaled for them to come in, but they were evidently afraid of a trap, and when we lowered a boat to pull out to them they at once took to their oars and rowed for the brig. We hoped her captain might investigate, but he evidently became alarmed at their report and swung his yards and made sail. Had he come in to us, he might have lent us a few men to navigate the Hindu down the coast, but in driving him off we had at least balked the plans of the mutineers.

From the lookout aloft I saw them return to their camp. They were wrangling and quarreling, and many of them stopped to shake their fists in the direction of the bark. We expected another visit from them en masse, but they did not appear. About midafternoon the weather shut down again, accompanied by rain, and aboard ship we settled down into the old routine. We were daily looking for the appearance of a man-of-war, and I think every man of us felt more hopeless and discouraged that night than at any time since we had been embayed. You can therefore imagine our joyful surprise when, an hour after midnight, we heard the boom of guns on the open ocean to the south. That signified that the long expected relief ship had arrived. From the moment we got the report of her first gun up to daylight we were up and down and on the watch. We could make out her lights and knew that she was lying to for the day to break.

It seemed to us as if daylight would never come, but when it finally did it was a glad sight which met our eyes. There was the old Endeavor lying out there, carrying forty odd guns and a crew of over 200 men, and we had only made her out when a boat left her side and came pulling into the bay. Captain Clark was taken off in her to make a report of our case, and soon after his arrival on board the Hindu her captain sent us off four sailors and six marines. The latter were to relieve us of our guard duty and the former to help us to get things shipshape preparatory to running out of the bay. Just before noon Captain Clark returned in company with the first lieutenant of the man-of-war, whose name was Robson. He had heard the particulars of our story, and after introducing himself he rubbed his hands in anticipation and said:

"But it's all right now. Of course you'll get help to take the bark to her port of destination, and of course we'll soon be after these fellows who have caused all this trouble. They must know of our arrival, and I'm looking for them to come down and offer to surrender and take their punishment."

At that very moment, though we did not suspect it, the entire gang of mutineers was concealed in the bushes near by. They no longer hoped to capture the Hindu, but Ben Johnson had worked them up to such a pitch of desperation that they were burning for revenge and had armed themselves with large pebbles from the western shore. As soon as we had the marines aboard we carried our private firearms to the cabin, and Lieutenant Robson and others of us were strolling about the decks, when the mutineers suddenly sprang out and began to bombard us with stones. Some of the marines were below, and those on deck had to wait to load their mus-

I saw them all running down to the west shore.

kets, and for a couple of minutes our assailants had it all their own way. As we were driven to shelter the lieutenant was struck on the head and rendered senseless, while none of the others of us escaped injury. As soon as the marines opened fire the mutineers retreated, but even with muskets leveled at his breast Ben Johnson stood up and defiantly said:

"You may land your whole crew, but you cannot take us alive! We'll die fighting before you shall ever lay hands on one of us!"

When the officer recovered, he was for going on a man hunt at once, but as he went off to the Endeavor to make his report the rain began to pour down again, and nothing could be done. The wind was fair for getting the Hindu out of the bay, however, and after dinner four more sailors were sent us, and we lifted her anchor and sailed out and around to a good anchorage on the east side. Then Captain McComber of the man-of-war came aboard in person. He had met the merchant vessel at sea, and he was on his way to Adelaide, but had been obliged to make that port, and had also been delayed by heavy weather. A full and circumstantial account of the mutiny had to be written out and attested by every passenger, a survey held to ascertain damages to ship and cargo, and the legal proceedings were not finished for four and twenty hours.

Everything depended on Captain McComber's report to the government authorities, and you can well believe that at least Captain Clark and I were on the ragged edge until he had finished his business and was pleased to say that we had done all that could be expected under the circumstances. Had the ship's doctor been living, he would certainly have been held legally answerable for the outbreak, but he was gone, and the best thing to do was to recapture such prisoners as were alive and make our way into port. Before making a move against the mutineers we fixed up wooden cages or partitions to hold the convicts, and it was proposed to give us plenty of marines to guard them on our passage down the coast. Two men were detailed from the Endeavor to act as cooks on board the Hindu, and after we had got washed and scrubbed and had a few regular meals it seemed like living again. Captain McComber was so dilatory about moving against the mutineers that I spoke of it to Captain Clark, who turned on me with a wink and replied:

"Never you mind, Ralph. If it be so that they build a raft and all go off together and get drowned, we shan't have no more bother with them, and it will be good riddance to bad rubbish."

I went aloft with the glass for the first time in three days to take a look at them, but they were not raft building. There was plenty of timber on the island, and the sailors among them could have made a stout raft without trouble, but to put to sea in such weather on anything they could construct meant disaster before they were clear of the land. I saw a few of them lounging about the tents as cool and unconcerned as if their necks were not encircled with halters, and I greatly wondered what would be the outcome of the affair.

You would have thought that among so many men at least one of them would have played the sneak on his companions and come down to the shore and made terms for himself by furnishing all the information he could. Not one of them appeared, however. If any one was so minded, he was doubtless deterred by the threats of the others. They were watching one another, and had any one attempted to slip away he would have fared badly.

I think Captain McComber had an idea that the men would revolt against Johnson and bring him to us tied hand and foot, thus throwing themselves on the mercy of the court which would try them when we reached port, but nothing of the sort came to pass. They were sullen and defiant, and it really seemed as if they might have some plan in view by which they hoped to escape the hunt which they could reason out would be surely made for them.

I told you in one of the opening chapters that Mr. Williams, Mary's father, was an old man. He was over 60, and, though hale and hearty at the beginning of the voyage, and even up to the date of our first trouble, the mental and physical strain pulled him down very fast. He held himself almost by will power until the arrival of the man-of-war, and then there was a collapse. On the second day we had the surgeon of the Endeavor aboard, but he had little encouragement to offer. Just at night on the fourth day, without even his wife or daughter realizing how near his end he was, he died in his bed, passing away so quietly that they still thought he slept.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Some men do as much begrudge others a good name as they want one themselves, and perhaps that is the reason of it.—Penn.

The Chenango river, in New York, is named from an Indian word meaning "bull thistles."

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE HORROR OF DEBT.

The Apostle Paul bids us "owe no man anything except to love one another." We are not to infer from this exhortation that he would have us quite abandon all those forms of trade that involved the idea of mutual trust. If business is to go on in the world, the elements of debt and credit must continue to be among its permanent factors. But the apostle designs to impress it upon us that we ought to create no financial obligation without at least a reasonable certainty of being able to discharge it to the satisfaction of the creditor.

There are debts and debts. When a laboring man, for example, buys a home on the plan of monthly installments, he assumes a heavier responsibility than he could presently meet; yet his action may be the wisest and best thing possible under the circumstances. At every stage in the process of the payment he has something to show for his outlay. But, on the other hand, the spendthrift who wastes both the dollar that he has and the two dollars that he hopes to get, and this solely for present delight and without any appreciable material return, is guilty of dishonesty of the rankest sort. To pile up depts which are certain never to be canceled, is a heinous offense against the well being of society.

Nor is this all. To an upright man, a debt incurred through lack of wise foresight or in any other way, is an eating sorrow till it is fully gotten rid of. It gives him no rest day or night, but haunts him in his dreams and disturbs him in his waking hours. So much is this the case that the words of Horace Greeley, exaggerated though they may seem to be, are really the sober truth. He says: "Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicions, unjust reproaches, are disagreeable; but debt is infinitely worse than them all. Never run into debt. If you have but 50 cents and can get no more a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it and live on it rather than owe any man a dollar."

Getting into debt, especially with a man of hopefull temperament, is the easiest thing in the world. He feels certain that tomorrow or next year his resources are somehow going to be larger and his wants smaller than they now are; and so, on the prospect, he increases his current expenses beyond his current income. But when tomorrow or next year comes, the increased revenues do not come, and neither do the wants contract themselves. In fact, there is often discovered a marked shrinkaeg of available cash assets and a multiplication of imperative needs. Then begins a heart breaking struggle. To avoid dishonor, it becomes necessary to borrow, and to pay interest frequently compounded. What terrible harassments follow! In the end, one or the other of two things is likely to happen; either the poor victim, galled and wincing in his most sensitive point, will give up and die; or else, his moral nature losing its fine edge, he will become callous and indifferent to the situation, lose his self-respect, and forfeit all title to the respect of others.

Ministers, in particular, should avoid debt as they do the contagion. Sooner or later, it will curtail their usefulness and rob them of their power. Self-denial may be hard and bitter, but not so much so as the consciousness of having contracted liabilities without the power to pay them off.

Christian people who find themselves in debt, either through their own lack of prudence or from any other source, should bend all efforts to get out. Hereto they should give themselves to hard work, and to close economy. In addition to this they should pray for God's blessing on their efforts. Such prayers, when honestly and earnestly made, are sure to reach the throne. It is a fine thing to see a man who has never been personally wasteful or extravagant, but has been simply unfortunate in business, still forging ahead, keeping up his spirit and his efforts, and determined, by the help of God, to die square with the world.—Nashville Advocate.

ANECDOTE OF MINISTER WILLIS.

The death of Minister Willis in Hawaii has set Kentuckians to story-telling about him. One of them describes an incident illustrative of his method of trying a lawsuit before a jury. He was once an attorney for a young woman in a case against a prominent and wealthy contractor of Louisville. The case attracted much attention, and the court room was crowded when the trial was on. The contractor took the stand, and being of an easy conscience, tried to swear the case out of court. Then Willis arose in behalf of the young woman. He did not seek to cross-examine the witness. He turned to the great crowd of spectators, and at random singled out a man on the front row.

"Stand up and get sworn where you stand," said Willis to the astonished spectator.

"Do you know the defendant?" inquired Willis.

"Yes."

"Do you know his reputation for truth and veracity?"

"Yes."

"Is it good or bad?"

"Bad."

"Would you believe him under oath?"

"No."

Then Willis called on another spectator to stand up and be sworn, with similar results. Thus he called on spectator after spectator at random, until he had sworn 15 or 20 of them. They all agreed that the contractor could not be believed under oath. It was proof positive to the jury in impeaching the contractor, for it was clear to every one that the witnesses had not been summoned for purpose of impeachment. Willis won the case, and secured a verdict of $20,000 against the contractor.

HE STILL PREACHES.—Two or three months ago a Detroit lawyer was in the northern counties on business, and one night while he was staying at a farm-house two or three of the neighbors dropped in and one of them explained:

"You see, we heard you was a lawyer, and perhaps you wouldn't mind giving us a little advice. We want to get rid of him."

"What ails him?"

"Well, he's good and kind and a true Christian, but he's no preacher. Fact is he's too slow for the times."

"Have you thrown out any hints?"

"Lot of 'em, but he still sticks."

"How much of a salary does he get?"

"Well, about $200 per year."

"Reduce it to $50."

The advice was declared to be sound, and in the course of three days the minister was notified that his salary would be reduced to the figures named. When Sunday came he read the notice from the pulpit, and added:

"My dear friends, this step was rendered necessary by the continued hard times. I cheerfully accept the reduction, and in case it is found necessary to make a further reduction of $25 don't hesitate on my account. I am here to serve the Lord, and I can do it on one meal a day."

☞ Many years ago, a New England pastor, mindful of his duty to "reprove, rebuke and exhort," gave out that on the next Lord's-day he would take the members of his flock individually to account for their besetting sins. The announcement drew, for, however fearful for himself, each wished to hear what his neighbor should get. The deacon, whose weakness was too much love for toddy, felt a premonition of what awaited him, so fortified himself with an extra potation before seeking his pew, well up in front, and just behind where the judge sat. "Where is the drunkard?" thundered the speaker. The deacon rose unsteadily to his feet and stood to receive corrections. "He h-here I am," he meekly responded. The minister struck hard, and, when it was over, the deacon sat down, while expectation held its breath once more. "Where is the hypocrite?" called the preacher. The hush was painful, no one moving, until the deacon lifted his cane and vigorously poked the judge, saying aloud:

"S-s-stan' up, 'squire, stan' up like me, and hear what the parson's got to say!"

"FREEDOM OF THE CITY."—The expression "freedom of the city" is a relic of the old days when all cities had walls and gates, and when the keys of the city gates and of the citadel were presented on golden or silver platters to visiting monarchs. The presentation of the keys was a token of surrender or submission, and kings who visited cities in their own dominions were always met outside of the moat by the leading officials with the keys in token of the fealty of the citizens. When monarchs visited each other the presentation of the city keys became a complimentary ceremony, indicating that the city was just as much at the service of the visitor as though situated in his own dominions. Within the last two centuries the ceremony has degenerated to an empty form. General Grant, when visiting London, was given the freedom of the city, and in this case he was the city's guest, but in most instances the saying is a mere compliment.

OBSCURE MEN HAPPIEST IN WEDLOCK.—No woman will love a man better for being renowned or prominent. Though he be the first among men, she will be prouder, not fonder; as is often the case, she will not even be proud. But give her love, appreciation, kindness, and there is no sacrifice she would not make for his content and comfort. The man who loves her well is her hero and king. No less a hero to her, though he is not to any other; no less a king, though his only kingdom is her heart and home. It is a man's own fault if he is unhappy with his wife, in nine cases out of ten. It is a very exceptionable woman who will not be all she can to an attentive husband, and a very exceptionable one who will not be very disagreeable if she finds herself willfully neglected.

VALUE OF IMPORTANT CROPS.—The United States department of agriculture gives the following as the total product and total value of six of the country's leading staples for the average of eight years ending with 1895, approximately: Corn, 1,783,000,000 bushels, value $650,000,000; hay, 51,200,000 tons, value $451,000,000; wheat, 470,000,000 bushels, value $332,000,000; cotton, 3,750,000,000 pounds, value $276,000,000; oats, 688,000,000 bushels, value $200,000,000; potatoes, 197,000,000 bushels, value $90,000,000. Tobacco has a total value less than half that of potatoes.

☞ The boys of Yale in the old days used to bribe the printers' "devil" to get proofs of the examination papers for them. When the college authorities put a stop to this practice, a bright idea seized one fellow, and he saved the whole suffering party. He hired one of the printers (it was summer) to wear a pair of white trousers to the office, and at noon to sit down on the "form" in which were locked the precious questions. The inky seat of that pair of trousers sold for a deal more than the clothes were worth in their original spotlessness.

☞ As an agency in preventing disease, sunlight is powerful. There is no disinfectant that surpasses it for cheapness and effectiveness. The sun has disinfected the earth for ages, as well as afforded light and heat.